

For all the right reasons

by DannyD

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Summary: Blair saves a dog

For all the right reasons

Disclaimer: The Sentinel and its characters  
>belong to Paramount and Pet Fly. No money <br>has exchange hands,  
yadda...  
><br>Warnings: For animal lovers I should issue a  
>small "violence against animals" warning; for <br>Blair lovers  
there's also a "voilence against  
>Blair" warning g; hc; smarm and the use  
>of the f-word. <br>  
>Notes: I'm paying a debt ;- ) thus this one is <br>for Leila, the  
Wicked Witch of all Seasons.  
>Enjoy!<br>  
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><br>//Jim would have a fit.// With a shaking  
>hand, Blair searched the pockets of his <br>pants for his keys.  
//Big time,// The  
>anthropologist added in his mind, struggling <br>to steady his hand  
to insert the key into the  
>lock. Missing twice, the young man rested <br>his forehead against  
the wooden frame and  
>attempted to take a few deep, calming <br>breaths. He moaned as his  
side protested  
>the movement. The door handle danced in <br>front of his eyes,  
jumping from one place to  
>the other, always out of reach. Blinking <br>rapidly, Blair shook  
his head to fight the  
>threatening darkness.<br>  
>"Come on," he muttered and winced at the <br>pain talking inflicted  
on his split and swollen  
>lip. "Just open the door, Sandburg." <br>Squinting with the combined  
force of the  
>pain flashing through his head, and the fact <br>that he lost his

glasses, Blair poked at the  
>little lock as it stubbornly refused to sit <br>still. Then a wave  
of dizziness hit him full  
>force, sweeping him off his feet. Blair <br>gasped as he slid down  
to the floor. Around  
>him, the world dimmed. <br>  
>/Jim's gonna kill me// Blair thought before  
>he lost consciousness, hugging the little <br>bundle in his arms to  
his chest.  
><br>\*!?!\*!  
><br>//Sandburg, I'm gonna kill you. Slowly.//  
>Jim Ellison cursed silently for the upteenth <br>time stomping on  
the brakes a bit too hard,  
>a bit too sudden. Behind him a car honked, <br>blaring painfully  
through the early night.  
><br>"Hey, are you blind?!" Jim shouted angrily,  
>despite the fact that he knew the dumbass <br>in the other car  
couldn't hear him. Suddenly  
>the Sentinel remembered Sandburg's <br>lecture about road rage which  
now added to  
>Ellison's bad mood. "Idiot!" Jim spat, not <br>quite knowing if he'd  
just addressed the  
>driver or his partner and friend. Luckily his <br>usual parking spot  
wasn't occupied tonight,  
>meaning an innocent, ignorant human-being <br>would live. Jim killed  
the engine, exiting his  
>'69 Ford truck. Slamming the door felt too <br>good to him right  
now.  
><br>Sandburg hadn't shown up at the station as  
>promised. No explanation, no excuse, no <br>"hey, Jim, I'm sorry,  
man, but I won't make  
>it today". Nothing. Maybe it was his revenge <br>for the teasing  
he'd received this morning.  
>Another 'table leg' comment and mocked <br>sympathy for a date gone  
wrong. Jim had  
>been joking with good-natured and well-<br>meant laughter at his  
friend's misery. And  
>Blair had teased back, threatening to leave <br>him, Jim, drowning  
under a \*cascade\* of  
>paperwork. The Sentinel couldn't believe <br>that the kid had  
actually buggered off. Upon  
>his phone call to Blair's office at the <br>university, Jim had been  
told that he'd left  
>hours ago with a fellow TA, Susan Jones. Of <br>course.

><br>"You're dead, Sandburg," Jim growled,  
>pushing the opening elevator doors aside in <br>his fury.  
><br>The door to the loft swung open. Stepping  
>inside, Jim took pleasure in slamming the <br>door shut. Again it  
felt great. The detective  
>knew his friend must've noticed his <br>'appearance' but for the  
simple reason of  
>good measure, he took a deep breath to yell <br>his name.  
><br>The sound died on his lips.  
><br>At first it was only the pungent odor that  
>assaulted his sensitive nose. However, <br>seconds later, the visual  
proof came into  
>focus.<br>  
>"What the hell ... ?" Jim shouted, his gaze <br>darting from the  
brownish mess on the

>wooden floor to the dark bundle of fur <br>attempting to crawl under the couch.  
>Seeking a refuge from the furious, tall man <br>with the loud voice.

><br>"Sandburg!" the Sentinel yelled the name,  
>the unspoken question demanding an <br>immediate explanation. Jim took a step  
>forward. Watching his approach with huge <br>brown eyes, the little dog tried to press  
>itself into the couch, the small body <br>quivering with fear.

><br>Blair's low voice reached his ears. "Her  
>name's Betty." <br>  
>"Care to explain to me what this is all <br>about?" Jim questioned angrily, still  
>watching the dog. The animal cowered near <br>the couch, trembling with fear.  
><br>"She's afraid, Jim," Blair said slowly. "I  
>don't blame her." A sigh. "Can I explain it <br>later? I'm not feelin'..."  
><br>"No! I want an explanation \*now\*,  
>Sandburg," Jim interrupted, finally turning <br>around. The rage vanished at the sight of  
>the bruised and swollen face of his friend. <br>"Oh, my God..." In a few quick strides Jim  
>was at Blair's side, reaching out to gently <br>touch his left cheek. Forgotten was his  
>anger, the bad mood, or the little dog <br>making a mess on the floor. "Chief, what  
>happened?" The skin felt hot under his <br>gentle touch.  
><br>The young man flinched, but ignored Jim's  
>question. "I'm okay." As if to punish him for <br>the lie, Blair swayed and instinctively  
>grasped Jim's arm. "I'm okay," he stressed <br>again.  
><br>"Yeah, I hear that," Jim replied, placing an  
>arm around Blair's shoulders. "Take it easy." <br>  
>Under the watchful eyes of Betty, the two <br>men moved to the couch. "Come on, Chief, sit  
>down before you..." <br>  
>Suddenly, Blair's legs gave out and he <br>sagged against Jim's tall frame.  
><br>"Hey, hey, don't do this to me, Sandburg!"  
>the Sentinel exclaimed, catching the <br>crumpling figure.

><br>"I'm 'kay," Blair mumbled. Then his eyes  
>rolled back into his head and the body went <br>limp.  
><br>\*\*\*  
><br>All he wanted to do was curl up in a little  
>ball and wait for the pain to subside. /Let  
>me sleep./ Blair pleaded in his mind. //I  
>just wanna sleep./ Then, the large hand was  
>back, the hand that had hit him in the <br>stomach so badly a few hours ago. The  
>anthropologist gasped at the memory, trying <br>to twist away from the brutal hand that now  
>roamed under his shirt. The pain came <br>immediately as the tender flesh was gently  
>probed. <br>  
>"Try to relax, Blair..." <br>  
>"No..." Blair turned his head and started to <br>move away from the

torturous touch.

><br>"It's okay, Chief, you're gonna be okay." The  
>words reached his ears, but didn't make <br>much sense to him. All  
he wanted to do was

>escape from the hands. Escape from the <br>pain.

><br>\*\*\*

><br>Something woke Blair. A sound, a voice,  
>nagging at the verge of his consciousness. <br>Persistently,  
persuasively, it crept into his  
>head, leaving whirling question marks behind. <br>The sound flooded  
his mind and after a while  
>the noise became words. <br>

>A familiar voice. The voice he'd heard before. <br>

>Jim's.<br>

>"Hey, puppy, come here .... don't be afraid," <br>Jim crooned in the  
softest voice Blair had

>ever heard him use. "I'm not gonna hurt <br>you."

><br>Despite his misery, the young anthropologist  
>smiled. Give him a moment with a dog and <br>hard-boiled cop James  
Ellison became as

>mushy as a puppy himself. /Gotcha, Jim.//

>Blair opened his eyes, but squeezed them <br>shut immediately as the  
light pierced

>through his head.<br>

>"Can you switch off the sun, man?" Blair <br>moaned while he covered  
his eyes with one

>hand. <br>

>The detective looked up from his crouch on <br>the floor where he'd  
tried to coax the little

>dog out of its hiding place. "How are you <br>feeling, Chief?" He  
sat back on his heels,

>hands resting on his knees. <br>

>Blair squinted at his older friend through <br>the curtain of his  
fingers. "Isn't it obvious?"

>he replied, his mood decreasing reawakening <br>aches and pains. At  
the same instant he

>knew the Sentinel was just being concerned <br>about him. "Sorry,  
Jim. It's not my

>favourite day today." <br>

>A disarming smile crossed Ellison's face. "I <br>can relate to that,  
Chief. I had to do all the

>paperwork." <br>

>The young man chuckled, then winced. "Oh, <br>what a  
burden....ouch...owwww, I'd better

>not make any sudden moves, huh?" <br>

>Jim felt a presence at his side, and out of <br>the corner of his  
eyes saw Betty cautiously

>approaching his legs. The detective didn't <br>move, but  
concentrated on his injured

>friend. The dog would come if she felt <br>comfortable. "You could  
try and sell those

>bruises on your upper body as paintings at <br>the new art museum  
downtown," he joked

>good-naturedly. Then his features grew <br>serious. "What happened,  
Blair?"

><br>Ignoring the question, Blair turned his head

>a bit. "Am I smelling chamomile tea?" he <br>asked, his face adding  
a plea for help with

>the steaming cup he'd just discovered on <br>the living-room table.

><br>"Are you telling me you've developed  
>Sentinel senses?" As Jim moved to retrieve <br>the cup, Betty  
flinched in fear and escaped  
>into the kitchen, probably seeking cover in a <br>remote corner. Jim  
took the cup and  
>offered it to Blair's waiting hands. "Be <br>careful on your lip,  
Chief," he warned gently,  
>wincing in sympathy as his friend tensed up <br>in pain when the  
heat touched his sore lips.  
><br>"I hate getting beaten up," Blair muttered  
>and took another, more careful sip. He <br>leaned his head back  
against the pillows and  
>closed his eyes briefly. The soothing liquid <br>ran down his  
throat, warming his stomach.  
>"This feels good." <br>  
>"We should get you checked out at the <br>emergency room," Jim  
suggested.  
><br>Abruptly, Sandburg's eyes flew open. "No  
>way, man. I'm fine." <br>  
>"Chief... you passed out on me a few minutes <br>ago."  
><br>"I trust your verdict," Blair replied. "You've  
>already made sure I'm not in any immediate <br>danger of dying on  
our couch, right?" He  
>took another sip of the tea. <br>  
>"You might have a slight concussion," the <br>former medic tried to  
reason.  
><br>The headache proved the Sentinel's words  
>but Blair stubbornly, carefully shook his <br>head. "So the doc will  
tell us I have a  
>concussion and that I should take it easy for <br>a few days and  
send me home. You just did  
>the same." He emptied his cup of tea and <br>handed it back to Jim.  
"Thanks."  
><br>"The moment you feel nauseous, we're on  
>our way, you got it?" Jim placed the cup on <br>the table.

><br>"Where's Betty?" Blair asked suddenly,  
>struggling to sit up. <br>  
>Jim put a restraining hand on the young <br>man's shoulder. "It's  
okay, Chief. She's  
>alright. Hiding somewhere." <br>  
>The anthropologist fell back against the <br>pillows, closing his  
eyes momentarily as his  
>stomach muscles cramped. "I'm sorry about <br>the mess she made,  
Jim. She was just  
>scared when you showed up." In an almost <br>inaudible whisper he  
added, "I was scared,  
>too. Thought he'd followed me."<br>  
>"He?" Jim probed gently. <br>  
>Blair sighed. "Betty's owner, I guess." <br>  
>"Why don't you tell me the whole story from <br>the beginning?" Jim  
stretched his legs and  
>sat down on the carpet, resting his elbow on <br>the couch.

><br>"After classes, Susan Jones and I went for  
>lunch. She had an appointment downtown and <br>as you know I wanted  
to meet you at the  
>station. I'd left my car at the U and when <br>we split up, I took  
the detour through the  
>park to get back. I was in hurry because I'd <br>promised to come to

work and help you out."

>Blair rushed out the words.<br>

>"Take it easy, Chief. I'm not mad at <br>you...anymore," Jim grinned warmly.

><br>The police observe nodded and inhaled

>deeply, wincing a little. "Anyway, there was <br>this pedestrian with his dog. He was a \*huge

>guy\*, massive, giant." Blair paused, <br>remembering the man.

"Somehow he and the

>little dog didn't seem to fit in the picture. <br>He was so tall and she's so tiny, almost

>fragile. I didn't pay much attention but <br>walked by 'cause I had to make up for the

>time I had lost chatting with Susan." <br>Shifting a little into a more comfortable

>position, Blair grimaced, then bit his already <br>split lip.

><br>Noticing his friend's discomfort, Ellison

>moved quickly to kneel in front of the couch. <br>"Why don't you try and bend your legs a

>bit," he suggested softly, carefully touching <br>Blair's legs to assist. "That'll take off the

>strain on your stomach muscles there." <br>

>"Thanks," Blair murmured, his body quivering <br>from the small effort to draw up his legs.

>He gratefully accepted the afghan Jim <br>offered, snuggling into the soft blanket as

>best as he could. <br>

>"You okay?" Jim asked, concern still swinging <br>in his voice.

"Maybe we should re-consider

>and..." <br>

>Impressive blue looked up at the Blessed <br>Protector, pain and fear reflecting the

>emotions that ravaged Blair's body. "I'm <br>fine, Jim. Just sore. You know how it feels,

>man. Right?" The young Shaman patted the <br>space beside him on the couch. "Could you

>sit down there like you did before?" For a <br>moment, his eyes took on a child-like plea;

>like a kid afraid of the dark. Moments later <br>he added, "It's okay if you wanna sit

>somewhere more comfortable. The floor <br>must be pretty hard."

//Just don't leave me

>alone, Jim./

><br>The detective plopped down on the carpet

>again, resuming the same position he'd been <br>in before with his elbow resting on the

>couch. "Do you feel up to telling me the rest <br>of the story, Chief?" Jim flashed him

>another reassuring smile and patted Blair's <br>thigh affectionately.

><br>Instead of continuing with his story, Blair

>started all over again, apparently oblivious <br>to the fact he'd already told the beginning.

>Jim frowned at that, wondering about the <br>concussion his partner must be suffering.

>Still, Blair seemed coherent and didn't <br>falter in his tale. So Jim sat on the floor

>and listened. <br>

>"So I'd walked by the guy when I suddenly <br>heard him shouting at

the dog. His voice was  
>really angry. Something like "you stupid <br>creature", then I heard  
Betty howling in  
>pain. I turned around and saw him raising <br>the longer end of her  
leash and striking her.  
>Over and over again." Blair swallowed, <br>turning his gaze to the  
ceiling. "I know I  
>shouted at him to leave her alone. The jerk <br>didn't pay any  
attention at all but kept  
>hitting her. She tried to get away from him <br>but since she was  
still on the leash, she  
>couldn't move very far. And when she <br>moved, he tore at the leash  
to pull her back  
>to his feet. Then his hand lashed out and he <br>started hitting her  
small body with his bare  
>hand." <br>  
>Jim knew that his younger friend loathed <br>any kind of violence.  
Watching him struggle  
>with his emotions, the detective wasn't at <br>all surprised to see  
pearls of moisture  
>glisten in the corner of those gentle blue <br>eyes. Mutely, Jim  
reached out and rubbed  
>Blair's leg in a silent support. Then he <br>waited.  
><br>"There weren't many people in the park but  
>those who were just kept staring at the <br>scenario," Blair  
continued in a thick voice.  
>"Nobody seemed to care." He chuckled <br>sadly. "Or maybe they knew  
the odds against  
>him. I was too blind to see that it was a no-<br>winner."

><br>//No, Chief, you knew exactly what you  
>were doing. You did what your heart told you <br>to do.// Jim mused.

><br>"By the time I reached the guy, Betty was  
>whimpering, but she never ever tried to bite <br>him. Her whole body  
trembled and she was  
>peeing constantly. It was terrible, man. She <br>kept trying to get  
away from him, but he  
>had her so short on the leash already that <br>there was no escape  
from his blows." Blair  
>reached up and rubbed his nose. "I kinda <br>crashed into him,  
yelling to get his fucking  
>hands off her." <br>  
>"I bet you surprised him, huh?" Jim spoke up <br>softly.

><br>Blair actually grinned at that. "You should've  
>seen his face, man!" Then he grew serious <br>again. "Pulling Betty  
even closer, he yelled at  
>me to mind my own business and that it was <br>his dog and he could  
do with it whatever he  
>wanted." A moment of silence hung in the air <br>as the teacher  
remembered. "He called her  
>'it'. A thing, a property, like a toy. I was <br>actually very  
polite when I asked him to let  
>her go. He leered at me, then laughed out <br>loud. He started to  
walk by, pulling Betty  
>with him. I followed him and tried to talk to <br>him." Blair  
shrugged. "I guess it wasn't one  
>of my better lectures. Suddenly he ... just <br>hit me in the face.  
Sprawling backwards, I

>lost my balance and crashed down onto the <br>asphalt. He'd somehow lost his hold on Betty  
>and she came straight forward to me, <br>almost sensing I was one of the good guys or  
>something. She barked at him. When I tried <br>to get up, I saw his foot coming towards her  
>and I sort of grabbed her. He got me in the <br>stomach instead."

><br>Jim's jaws hurt. Clenching them painfully  
>and grinding down on his molars, the <br>Sentinel listened to Blair's story. His anger  
>rose with each passing minute. "How did you <br>manage to get away?"

><br>Another chuckle, a bit more cheerful this  
>time, escaped Blair's lips. "I stopped moving. <br>Betty was under me and when he kicked me  
>several more times I didn't move. You know <br>like prey in the wilderness trying to fool  
>their pursuers? So he let go and just...left. <br>He didn't try to get Betty back but I  
>thought he'd lurk somewhere and wait for <br>me." A fine tremor shook Blair's body. He  
>pulled the afghan closer to his shoulders as <br>if the blanket could protect him from the  
>enemy. <br>  
>"You're safe now. Nobody's gonna hurt you <br>or Betty," Jim vowed. He reached up and  
>squeezed Blair's arm through the blanket. <br>"Trust me, Chief."

><br>Blair met his gaze. "Do you know what was  
>really scary?" <br>  
>"What's that?" Jim saw Betty approaching <br>the coach with fearful eyes. Her paws made  
>little noise on the floor. When she noticed <br>Jim's look, she stopped, waited and then  
>moved forward again. <br>  
>"I thought I'd die."<br>  
>"Blair, it's okay to be scared. That's nothing <br>to be ashamed of."  
><br>"...I mean I've been through more trouble  
>than this before, right? All the crappy, <br>creepy stuff with Lash or, or... Alex never  
>left me with the thought I would die today <br>with a dozens of people watching. There was  
>this crowd but nobody did anything. Not <br>even call the police. No one helped."  
><br>Two little paws landed beside Blair on the  
>couch and a moist nose tickled his hand. <br>Betty looked at her human hero and started  
>licking Blair's hand. "Hey, sweetie," Blair <br>crooned, mindful to not scare the little dog  
>with any sudden movements. Tentatively, <br>Jim placed his hand near her muzzle and  
>moments later Betty's tongue whirled over <br>the back of his hand as well.  
><br>"I'm sorry that you had to go through all  
>this, Chief." Crawling behind the dog's ears <br>with his other hand, Jim sighed. "I can't  
>explain to you why nobody else helped. Not <br>everyone is as compassionate as you."



><br>"You mean stupid," Blair corrected, smiling a  
>bit sadly. <br>  
>Surprised, Jim stared at his partner. "What <br>makes you think it  
was a stupid thing to do?"  
><br>Blair raised his other arm and made a vague  
>gesture in the air before he combed through <br>his long hair. "I  
didn't start thinking about  
>any consequences until I was on the ground. <br>Just... I couldn't  
let him beat her. She's so  
>small and didn't do anything to deserve such <br>a punishment." With  
a frustrated sigh, Blair  
>shook his head. "I mean the newspapers are <br>full of horrible  
crimes every day, and what  
>we see at the station sometimes makes you <br>question the term  
'human being'. In the  
>park today, I thought... oh man, you're gonna <br>laugh at me," he  
stopped abruptly.  
><br>"....you thought what?" Jim encouraged  
>calmly giving his friend time to sort through <br>his mind.

><br>"...if we don't stop these so-called little  
>things like the beating of a dog, how can we <br>solve the big  
issues in our world?" Blair  
>finished, a small blush colouring his face. <br>"It's lame, I know."

><br>Forming a little step with his hand, Jim  
>allowed Betty to jump on the sofa to snuggle <br>up against the  
warmth of Blair's body. "You  
>know what, Chief? As long as you have a <br>reason like that and you  
fight for your  
>belief, it's gonna be anything but 'lame'." <br>  
>"You can't change the world by saving a <br>little dog."

><br>Stroking Betty's brown fur with the back of  
>his fingers, Jim nodded. "Nope, but it's a <br>start in the right  
direction."

><br>\*\*\*

><br>It was almost 11 p.m. The loft was bathed in  
>the dim light from the TV and a few candles <br>burning on the  
table. Blair still rested on the  
>couch, watching TV with the bundle of Betty <br>curled against his  
side. The dog was softly  
>snoring. Occasionally she sighed in her sleep, <br>enjoying the  
delicate strokes over her fur.  
><br>Jim emerged from the bathroom, holding a  
>hot-water bottle in his hands. <br>  
>"How are you feeling?" he asked as he made <br>his way into the  
living room.  
><br>Blair yawned heartily but groaned at the  
>pain it caused his bruised jaw. "I'm alright, <br>just tired and  
sore." He grinned. "Can't wait  
>to try and get up tomorrow morning." <br>  
>Jim sat down on the edge of the couch. <br>"Chief..." he began but  
Blair interrupted,  
>smiling. "Go ahead, Florence." He lifted the <br>afghan exposing his  
stomach.  
><br>"I just wanna make sure, you're alright," the  
>Sentinel said and tenderly pushed up Blair's <br>shirt. His hands  
were warm as they roamed  
>over the skin, his sense of touch opened <br>widely to check for any



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End  
file.